Malaysia Message

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SEE PAGE SIXTEEN

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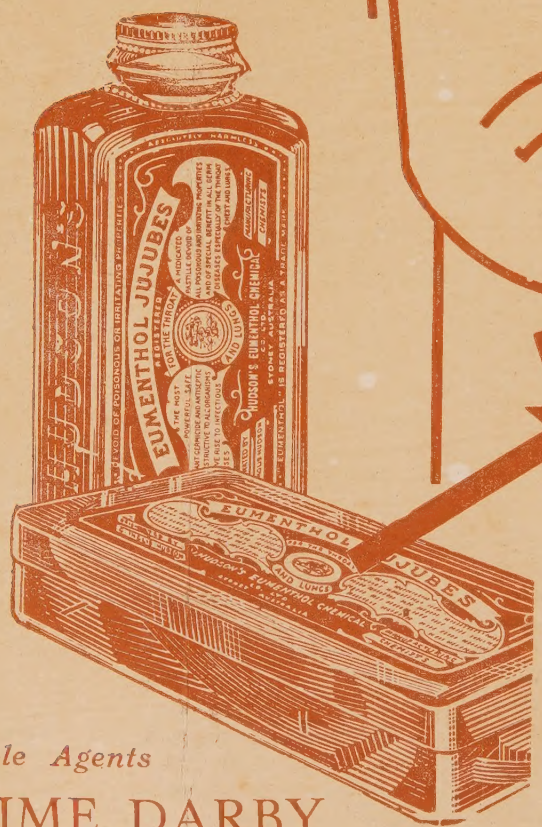

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THE MALAYSIA MESSAGE

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE METHODIST CHURCH, MALAYSIA

VOL. 51 SINGAPORE, OCTOBER, 1941 NO. 10

EDITORIAL

SEEKING THE WILL OF GOD

WHAT IS THE WILL OF GOD? This question has been asked ever since man first postulated a god. He has asked the question of himself as an individual in his relation to his god and he has asked it as member of a nation in his nation's relationship to the god. In times of great emergencies like the present war it is so easy for men to jump to flimsy conclusions, conclusions that in the light of what follows never stand the test of time. *The Christian Century* in its August 13 issue comments editorially on the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland in its attempt to discover and interpret "the will and purpose of God in the present crisis." It says, "It is significant that the Church of Scotland, mother of so much of our American Christianity, has not been seduced by any wartime theology to abandon the basic Christian conviction that God's will is inherent in every human situation, including the present crisis, and that the high task of Christian faith is to discover it and to identify its own course of action with it. The search for the will of God in the august crises of national and world history and in the humblest crises of our daily personal lives is the most characteristic activity of the Christian man and the Christian church. A Christian could be accurately defined as one who seeks to identify his conduct with the will of God as this will reveals itself ever anew in living companionship with Jesus Christ."

CHRISTIANS AND THE WILL OF GOD

THERE HAVE ALWAYS BEEN EXPONENTS of the doctrine that God is lifted high above the relativities of history and the activities of man as such upon the earth. Since man must act he can act without divine guidance. God's will is said to be absolute and transcendent and as such its only relevance to human affairs and action is that it keeps man humble since he knows that an infinite chasm separates him from God. These transcendentalists harshly criticise those who discover the will of God in the present crisis or any other human crisis. They have a right to criticise if in that identification one smugly says that God must sanction our chosen moral and political actions. But when a Christian prayerfully and intelligently continues to seek to know the will of God he is surely not on a wrong track. When he does that he yields his will as a co-worker with God. No one dare say dogmatically that he knows what the will of God is but what we do wish to say is that it is the Christian's duty to seek the will of God.

Is it not a challenge for Christians in Malaya if the Church of Scotland, while bombs are falling and its people are haunted day and night by the fear of invasion can find time and faith to organize an inquiry into the will of God, for its example to kindle in us a like search? Most of us have been far too complacent and easy-going in our theological thinking and faith to build any real basis for what we believe. We easily believe what we hear or read and let it go at that. Most of us give no thought at all to this and many other similar problems but go along our easy daily roads and do not know what we believe.

The action of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, the problems faced by the Malvern Conference early in the year, the questions raised by the Toronto Conference last June are all indicative that the Church of Jesus Christ is alive in this present crisis. It is obvious that British Christianity is not waiting until after the war to discover where it stands and what its post-war goals and aims shall be. A revival of Christian power awaits such seeking of the will of God. What a great Christian leap of faith and doctrine this is that it is the will of God that we seek His will.

A FAMILY CREED

IN A LETTER RECEIVED RECENTLY from a prominent American business man he enclosed a copy of what might be called "The Rockefeller Family Creed." This business man went on to say:

> "When I have read at different times in the newspaper about some rich man's children becoming involved in this or that kind of difficulty, due to some kind of high life, I have often remarked that it was marvelous to me how the Rockefeller family has been able to go through one generation after another with all their wealth and still you never found their name mixed with anything that was undesirable, nor did you see their name in the newspapers in connection with divorce actions, which have been rather common among some of the wealthy or prominent people in our country. I often wondered what the answer was and I was therefore particularly interested in this article when it appeared in the newspaper and it seems to give a life creed which, if it could be followed by many more people on this earth, would lead to a better life for everybody without the need for a great deal of the trouble that is now rampant in the world. It seems to me that this creed should be given unusually

broad publicity and a copy of it could well be displayed in every home and every office in the country."

On July 8 John D. Rockefeller, Jr., in one of his rare public addresses outlined ten cardinal principles of what might be termed the Rockefeller family philosophy. The ten points are:

"I BELIEVE in the supreme worth of the individual and in his right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

"I BELIEVE that every right implies a responsibility; every opportunity an obligation, every possession a duty.

"I BELIEVE that the law was made for man and not man for the law; that government is the servant of the people and not their master.

"I BELIEVE in the dignity of labour, whether with head or hand; that the world owes no man a living but that it owes every man an opportunity to make a living.

"I BELIEVE that thrift is essential to well-ordered living and that economy is a prime requisite of a sound financial structure, whether in government, business or personal affairs.

"I BELIEVE that truth and justice are fundamental to an enduring social order.

"I BELIEVE in the sacredness of a promise, that a man's word should be as good as his bond; that character—not wealth or power or position—is of supreme worth.

"I BELIEVE that the rendering of useful service is the common duty of mankind and that only in the purifying fire of sacrifice is the dross of selfishness consumed and the greatness of the human soul set free.

"I BELIEVE in an all-wise and all-loving God, named by whatever name, and that the individual's highest fulfillment, greatest happiness and widest usefulness are to be found in living in harmony with His will.

"I BELIEVE that love is the greatest thing in the world; that it alone can overcome hate; that right can and will triumph over might."

Mr. Rockefeller then gave this fine tribute to his parents as he concluded his address:

"These are the principles on which my wife and I have tried to bring up our family." They are the principles in which my father believed and by which he governed his life. They are the principles many of them, which I learned at my mother's knee.

"These are the principles upon which alone a new worked recognizing the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God can be established.

"It is to help usher in this new day that our sons have dedicated themselves to the service of their country."

A Meditation on Courage

By PHILIPPE VERNIER

(Editor's Note: This is the last of seven Meditations by this writer which we are publishing from month to month. They are taken from the magazine "Fellowship," the January 1941 issue.)

WHERE IS YOUR FAITH?

Luke VIII-25

ONE thing astonishes your Master: that one is able to be afraid. It seems however that there was good cause: a frail barque, the night, and a tempest on the lake! But anxiety is absolutely foreign to Jesus.

His assurance is not at all that of human bravery, such as made Vasco de Gama say, during a hurricane: "It is nothing, my friends, have no fear, it is the ocean trembling before us." Jesus has no need either to exalt Himself or to make an effort to dominate fear, because faith alone has room in His heart. Doubtless the faith of the disciples would have held, even in the storm, if He had not slept.

No occurrence, however disconcerting it may appear, is for Him an incentive to doubt. Does He not say "Fear not" to a father beside the corpse of his son? His trust is such that it calms the man.

We are always like sheep among wolves; Thou dost but draw away, or simply fall asleep, and the world becomes fearful to us. Thou only canst see distinctly Him who holds in His hand the wolves and the sheep. When Thou art there Thou reassurest us, but no sooner dost Thou go than terror assails us.

Thou dost ask, Lord, where is our faith? It is there, Lord, where Thou art, but if ever Thou leavest us a moment, Thou knowest well that it is no longer.

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A War Measure

The Paper Control Office has limited the size of THE MALAYSIA MESSAGE for the remainder of this year. Consequently we are slightly altering the set-up of the magazine. We apologize for this issue coming out so late but its publication was held up while waiting for the necessary permit to print. (See page 17).

THE MALAYSIA MESSAGE

OCTOBER 1941

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A broadcast sermon that challenges our attention

Christian Service Under Handicaps

By Bishop Edwin F. Lee, ll.d.

SERIOUS people across the world face the future with baffled minds. Many whose spiritual resources are insufficient are victims of despair. Large numbers of people conclude that the only way to win this present struggle of the Democracies against brutal aggression is to expend effort only in combat service. I would to-day challenge you who listen to a broader programme than that solely of combat service, and emphasize the fact that deep-seated purpose is of more far reaching value than a superficial morale. I would remind you that in the last war the Democracies proved to be stronger in the long run than the autocracies whose subjects rendered service in automatic allegiance.

During the last war some of us frequently heard soldiers led in the singing of a popular song entitled "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag and Smile, Smile, Smile." This sort of ribald song served a partial purpose but we came to know some of those same men well enough to understand that they wanted something far deeper and far more substantial than that. One evening I spoke to a large assembly of those men on the subject of "Immortality." At the conclusion of the message those men quietly but effectively broke out in applause. They cheered for the Christian faith in the life that is beyond the grave.

A distinguished professor who is one of the strongest thinkers of the present day in the field of philosophy has said:

> "Christianity must look forward for some time to living in the same world with powerful political and governmental forces which seek either to destroy it or to enslave it."

Christian people have been slow to recognize that this present international conflict as it has been developing during the past decade was much more than a dispute between the "haves" and the "have nots," that it was much more than a desire for "Lebensraum", that is, room in which to live, and that it has become a contest of *ideologies*. More than that, many who have become indifferent to the ideals of Christianity and who excuse themselves by various and sundry attacks upon the church have come face to face with the possible loss of heritage which the Christian faith has given to many of us who have been fortunate enough to live under the blessings of Democracy which have had as a basis, the Christian ideal of reverence for God and good-will toward one's fellow men. We hang upon our radios and we scan every paper fresh from the press. As we meet men we find ourselves asking first "What's the latest news you have heard over the radio?"

> *"They which builded on the wall and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon."* Nehemiah 4:17.
>
> *"Pray that....I may make known the truths of the Gospel —to spread which I am an Ambassador in chains."* Ephesians 6:20.

WE are now reasonably comforted that we are within sight of the end of this terrible conflict. But that is no cause for us to lessen expenditure on every reasonable effort in the support of those who are actively engaged in the necessary force that is already defeating the aggressors. I am confident that many of them in the silent watches of the night, are already reading their doom as it is written across the sky by the hand of Almighty God.

The other day one of the outstanding men of Malaya whom I met casually on a journey upcountry, said "This war has been a succession of miracles, for no military commentator can explain a number of events which in the months of the past have stopped brutal force on the eve of a partial victory."

But is not our concern, along with this continued military effort which must be carried forward, to keep our minds in reasonable balance relative to the needs of our world as we move along? I have invited your attention to a verse in the book of Nehemiah which carries back to the days of the rebuilding of Jerusalem under a leadership of one of the outstanding laymen in the centuries of the past. Nehemiah faced the rebuilding of the walls of Jerusalem in the midst of enemies on every hand who did not wish Jerusalem again to be secure. They used every subterfuge—they did not have the radio but they spread, to the best of their ability, false propaganda. They invited him to parleys, which he and his associates wisely declined. The key to his success seems to be found in this paragraph:

> *"They which builded on the wall and they that bare burdens, with those that laded, every one with one of his hands wrought in the work, and with the other hand held a weapon."*

In other words they were on the alert against a surprise military attack for one hand was occupied in holding a weapon for instant use, but with the other hand each man carried on the rebuilding of the walls. Naturally it would take twice as long to build in that way but the important thing is that the walls were built by a group of determined

men who could only use one hand in reconstruction because the other hand had to be engaged in defence.

MAY I invite your attention to another outstanding character found in the pages of the New Testament. I refer to the Apostle Paul. This marvellous man whose name has been written so widely across the pages of history likewise faced difficulties, he also was a victim of unfair propaganda. He was imprisoned because bad men always hate good men. Some of you men who carelessly talk and sometimes besmirch the reputation of earnest men might advisedly question yourselves to see if you may not thoughtlessly be imitating bad men who hate good men.

St. Paul was sent to Rome because he appealed to Caesar on the basis of his Roman citizenship. Thereby he saved himself from an earlier death at the hands of representatives under the influence of a Jewish mob. St. Paul was in Rome. He was apparently allowed to engage his own residence, and to remain there in chains under guard of soldiers. During those days, despite his chains, he wrote some of the most remarkable letters ever penned. His influence more than any one else's excepting, of course, the personality of Jesus the Christ, laid the foundation and began the superstructure of the Christian Church which was to conserve the Christian ideal for mankind. It was he who sent a run-away slave, Onesimus, back to his master Philemon. St. Paul could not plan for the reorganization of every social problem in life but he sent Onesimus back, outwardly as a slave but also as a Christian brother. It would be a dull mind indeed who could not see that this interpretation of life split the custom of slavery wide open, for slavery and Christian brotherhood cannot live in the same region. It was this same ideal which, as no idealogy has ever done, inspired men of one race to fight and to give their lives for the freedom from slavery of men of another race and which finally has practically eliminated slavery from the wide world.

St. Paul in his humble lodgings under guard and in chains, must have been a pitiful figure. Beyond in the great imperial palace of the Roman Caesars sat the Emperor Nero. To the eye of the average man Nero's position was magnificent, while the position of Paul was insignificant. History has corrected the valuation of the two men. In many countries you will find it a general practice for men to name their dogs Nero and their choicest sons Paul. Certain pseudo-gentlemen who now have grasped great military power in their hands should look down through the centuries to come and contemplate the verdict which history will place upon themselves. In all of this period when St. Paul achieved so much he describes himself as follows, as recorded in the 20th verse of the 6th chapter of Ephesians (Dr. Weymouth's translation):

> *"Pray that....I may make known the truths of the Gospel—to spread which I am an Ambassador in chains."*

THE world was thrilled a few days ago at the announcement of a statement agreed upon by the Prime Minister of Great Britain and the President of the United States and their advisors at the recent historically romantic conference in the North Atlantic. These leaders of two of the greatest Democracies took time to discuss more than the increased production of munitions and the implementing of the military, naval and air forces. They began to plan for a better world following the cessation of the present hostilities. They are to be heartily commended for just such an emphasis.

I am led to believe that out of this present trying experience, the Russian people will see that they have much in common with the Christian Democracies and that they will gradually but definitely shift their emphasis away from undue materialism and implant a spiritual note once again in the Russian heart. I am thinking of the great Chinese Republic as one of the groups that is contributing so much in these days, and which in my judgment will have much to offer in the years ahead. Many smaller democracies as soon as opportunity affords will join these larger nations in the attempt to rebuild the world.

But we must be careful not to repeat only the history of the past. The last world war closed only twenty-three years ago. Twice within a quarter of a century humanity has been compelled to learn a very bitter lesson. May it please God so to guide us that we shall not fail to profit by these terrible lessons. Apparently our mistake following the last war was that we were not ready to rebuild a world in which righteousness should prevail and fairplay should be generally accorded to men everywhere. It is certainly possible for us in these days to work for reconstruction with one hand while vigilantly on guard the other hand holds a ready weapon.

Our local government throughout Malaya has, in my judgment, been pursuing a very wise policy in stressing the continuance of cultural life. The educational programme is carried on with no reduction in regular operation of the schools, except a temporary delay in the erection of new buildings. An educational leader in government circles indicates that new school buildings will be among the first enterprises to be endorsed following the conclusion of this war.

So along with the building of defence there must be the inculcation of ideals not only in the youth but in the minds of the rank and file of men and women. The final objective should be set forth, and also the possible early objectives likewise given in fairly definite outline. The programme for the setting up of an international police force which will make international aggression impossible is one of the immediate objectives.

The world will not soon forget the majestic example of the provision for the return of the Emperor of the Ethiopians and the freeing of Abyssinia from its recent unfortunate domination. Extreme patience must be taught to men that they may not destroy partially rebuilt walls.

MANY will ask, "What can we do constructively in this present period." Some will dismiss with a wave of the hand any suggestion of cultural emphasis and will dismiss the whole subject with the idea that we must first finish this horrid business of warfare. The man who is in the battle line will have many of his days fully occupied. On the other hand many men in the Services find some of the hours hanging rather heavily upon their hands, for there is a limit to the application to a single objective. To turn from manual work to mental expression is a God-given relief.

Let us therefore not forget that the end of the last war found us unprepared for international life following the cessation of hostilities. We therefore failed as a civilized world to establish a constructive peace. There

is not sufficient time here to do more than to suggest this failure. Many shoulders must share the blame. Be that as it may, our present duty is to fit ourselves insofar as is possible for a life which will more correctly include the qualities of real civilization. This is a stupendous task but its size ought never to daunt us, nor to deter us from making an attempt to do the best job possible.

Warwick Deeping gave us a few years ago a remarkable book entitled *Sorrel and Son*. This principal character wrought humble victory out of a situation which would have spelled defeat for most men. We can prepare a better world for the returned service-man than he found in 1919.

We will not have as much money to expend for public services as we should like because so much of the world's wealth is now being destroyed in warfare. That will be one of our handicaps but money is not everything. Expensive buildings and grounds add very much to our great universities but a real university is in the mind of the teacher and in the responsive thought of an intelligent student.

The other day a sentence in the *Straits Times* caught my eye as a writer said "We have plenty in Malaya for every man's need but not for every man's greed." It is quite possible for many of us in unoccupied moments to begin to re-value life and to be ready to demand less in the way of creature comforts and to be more ready to share with others whose needs are greater than ours. The social order demands much change but it should be an intelligent change and this way much study is required.

Sir Josiah Stamp, a great British Economist, who unfortunately met his death in one of the bombings in England a few months ago said:

> "The hard-boiled analytic economist and the fervent, over-flowing, quick pulpit reformer of society never really make contact. Each drives his track from his own side across the unexplored territory without the bearings or the instruments of the other, and they never really meet in a synthesis of effort and reconciliation."

Zealous religiously-minded men and women must understand that more than zeal is necessary. Hard-boiled economists and business men must recognize that in the field of economics and in finance alone we cannot find the answer for the covilization that should be. Those who represent the Christian point of view will be unable to present Christianity as an ideal of life in its full flower, for the ravages of war have shot off some of the lovely petals of this flower.

Therefore many of us who work in the church must spend, in the next few years, perhaps half of our time in re-stating and in defending the Christian faith. We shall be compelled to be happy if we can move forward with the labours of one hand only. Let no one of us, however, despair.

Some of you who have lost your Christian faith and now have no ideology for life, must recognise that you cannot live in the decades ahead upon the "Faith of your Fathers" alone. Sad and useless will be the man and the woman who do not know where they are going spiritually. These are the years in which you can get a new grip on God.

There is a far off divine event toward which the whole of creation moves. Let us be happy that we are enabled to do something to contribute toward the general good of mankind. We can be effective despite the fact that we are ambassadors of Christ in chains. The centuries to come will put its stamp of approval upon what has been done if we have had some sincerity of purpose and we have attempted to be intelligent in our method of work. I am convinced that such a programme of life will bring the blessing of Almighty God to every man and to every woman thus engaged.

(This sermon by Bishop Lee was given at the Evening Service of Worship in the Wesley Church, Singapore, on Sunday, August 24, and broadcast by the Malaya Broadcasting Corporation.)

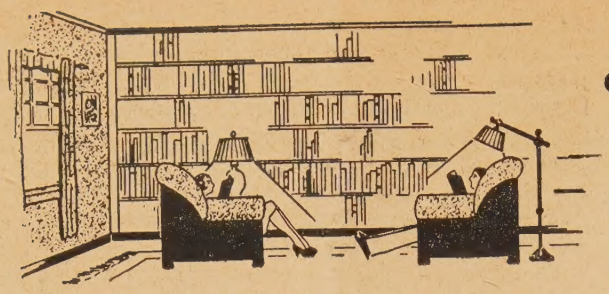
What Dictators Cannot Do

Bertha Gerneaux Woods

They can wear the body out,
Holy words and teachings flout,
Strike God's altars to the sod,
Shut the ministers of God
From the sunlight, let them lie
Bruised and thirsting till they die;
Unrestrained, malignant forces,
Spreading in their awful courses
Streams of agony and blood,
Death of decency and good.

But *one* thing they cannot do
In their ruthless marching through
Honour, justice, right and truth,
Wrecking homes, corrupting youth.
Lord, for this we thank Thee most:
Strivings of the Holy Ghost
Never ceasing, pleading well,
They are powerless to quell
By their teachings. From above
Still looks down a Face of love.

Blessed be Thy holy Name!
As of old the tongues of flame
And the rush of wind preceded
What the world so sorely needed,
Through these gasping lands today
Give Thy Holy Spirit sway.



High Lights in Malayan Methodism

The 1941 Ipoh District Institute

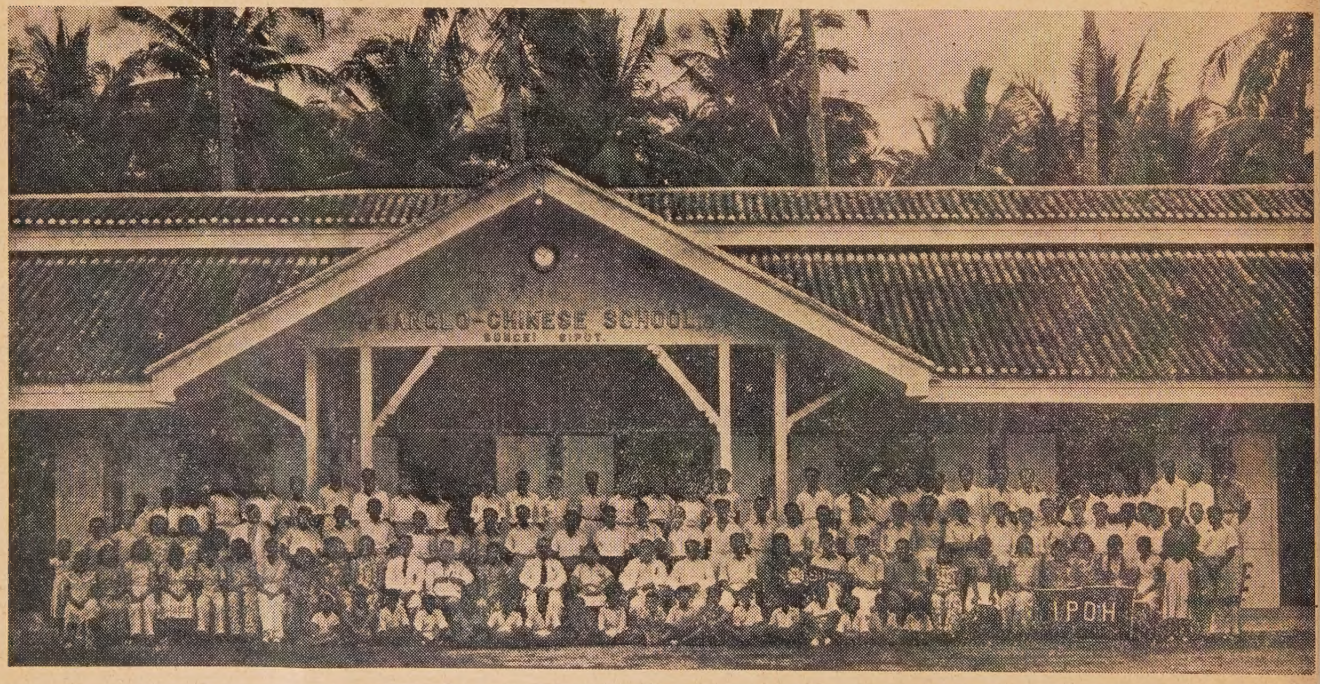
By CHOONG POW SIM

NOT far away from the noisy town of Ipoh, in the little town of Sungei Siput, there lives a group of courageous leaguers whose initiative in proposing the 1941 Ipoh District Institute to be held in their home town created a surprise among the leaguers of a larger group, because with the present war condition, it is difficult to make arrangements for accommodation and food to the satisfaction of every one. Nevertheless, the Institute was held and everyone went away amazed with the kind hospitality accorded by this young League.

Sports was the first item in the opening programme and almost every leaguer participated in it. The sac-foot-ball, a novelty enjoyed by the home team and the rest created no end of fun for the on-lookers, as the players tried to keep themselves erect in their sacks and to kick the ball about. Many of them came off tired but none the worse except for a few slight bruises. Table-tennis, badminton, basket-ball, football and hockey followed in rapid succession for a leaguer could only join in one game. Thus this Institute could boast of its success in making every leaguer participate in some game.

At the get-together social, Mr. J. Taylor was at the cinema projector screening scenes of Jerusalem and comic sketches. It was at this time that the Dean, the Rev. D. P. Coole, introduced the faculty members to the group.

The following day was spent on the more serious side of the Institute. At 7.15 a.m. the morning watch was led by the Rev. M. T. Fang, followed by breakfast after which classes on Bible Study, Discussion on Christian living, Drama and Pageantry and Hymnology were held. In the course of his talk on Drama and Pageantry, Mr. Heimark captured the imagination of his group with lively characterizations of literary characters. Rev. Foss, on the other hand, impressed his group with the beauty of hymns. It is fitting to mention that Mr. J. Appaduray, M.C.H. and the Revs. C. Foss and J. Milton David conducted the Bible Classes very interestingly. Views of modern marriage and lively but healthy discussions filled the



The Epworth League Institute at Sungei Siput

Discussion Hour on Christian Living conducted by Mr. Wong Wai Lam, who calmly faced the situation helped by his fortunate experiences as a father and husband. Credit must be given to Miss Edna Dahlin, the Dean for Women, for her preparation in presenting charts of league meetings and the like.

The concert night attracted a large crowd from the town. Special mention must be given to the Sungei Siput League for their comic sketch which was unanimously acclaimed as the best item for the evening.

The following day, Sunday 3rd August, was a never-to-be-forgotten-day. There was the long hike to the local waterfall where the delegates enjoyed themselves in the cool stream. In the evening an impressive candle-light

The Institute Faculty. The Rev. D. P. Coole, Dean, in centre

service followed the Church Service. A good number of delegates who were not of the Church pledged themselves to the service of Christ.

The final day was a busy day for all. After the usual classes there was the presentation of the Challenge Cup for games and certificates of attendance. The Kampar, Telok Anson, Sitiawan and home leagues scored a hundred per cent for regular attendance in classes.

The man behind the scene and the man who made the Institute the success it deserved was none other than the energetic business manager, Mr. Yim Tuck Fatt. Ably assisted by his wife he spared no pains in arranging accommodation for the delegates, though the oft repeated complaint of mosquito-bites in almost all Institutes was no fault of his! The food was excellent. Just imagine shark's fins, a Chinese delicacy and some other outstanding Chinese dishes being served at nearly every meal!

On the whole this 1941 Ipoh District Institute was a grand success. Lofty ideals and a spirit of Christian fellowship were the rich experiences gained and it is encouraging to note that we Ipohites profited greatly.

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Kuala Lumpur M.G.S. Celebrates

The Methodist Girls' School, Kuala Lumpur, celebrated its forty-fifth anniversary on August 7, on which occasion the Principal and Staff were "At Home" to the old girls of the school. The girls of the Domestic Science Department prepared and served the refreshments, Mr. Edward Doraisamy's orchestra provided music. The high light of the evening was a talk by Mrs. Stratton Brown, the first principal of the school in 1896. She told many interesting and amusing incidents of the early days of the school. Then followed its growth and development through the years. After Mrs. Brown had spoken, Miss Marsh gave a talk on the school as it is today, and of its hopes in the future. She stressed the growing need of a new building, which will be built as soon as possible after the war is over. Many old girls from Klang, Port Swettenham and Telok Anson were present.

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Ipoh Commentary

By J. A. S.

When school reopened for the third term of the year's work we were told the unhappy news that owing to the war our former Principal Mr. R. Kesselring, now in America on leave, and one of our teachers Mr. P. S. Dempsey, on leave in England, have been unable at present to sail for Malaya to continue their work. Mr. J. L. Taylor who was appointed Principal when the T. Runyan left on leave last term is carrying on in this office till arrangements are made to enable Mr. Kesselring to return and "take over." Miss Cheah Nyook Win, a former pupil of our school, has been temporarily engaged on the staff.

The Horley Hall Boarding House which had to be closed down when the Government took over our premises has been re-opened and is under the supervision of Mr. Taylor who has taken up residence at the Hostel.

Mr. F. C. Sands, Commissioner for Malaya, visited us on the 22nd of September and inspected our Boy Scout Troops. He presented Messrs. Tye Chee Fan, V. S. Rasiah and J. A. Sabapathy warrants to act as Scout Masters.

A flourishing Women's Society of Christian Service has been organised in the Ipoh Chinese Church. Sixty percent of the women church members have already been enrolled. The September meeting was held at the home of Miss T. Bunce and Miss E. Dahlin, with Mrs. Ho Ban Lan, President, in the chair. An interesting programme had been arranged. Devotions were conducted by the President, followed by a report of the recent Pastor's and Bible Women's School given by Mrs. Ng Suit Ting, the very capable Bible Woman of the Ipoh Church. It was decided to hold the next meeting in the A.C.S. Hall when Miss Bunce will show her Cine-Kodak pictures of the Hill People and some of the work of the Bible Women.

The monthly meeting of the Women's Society of Christian Service (Wesley Church) was held at the home of the Misses Lau on September 12th. The members sewed on garments which are to be given to poor children at Christmas. The distribution is sponsored by the Infant Welfare Auxiliary Department.

The following members of the Girls School Staff were successful in the Art Examination held by the Education Department and have received their certificates. Mrs. Tye Hong Bee Chian, Mrs. Ooi Gee Tin, and Misses D. Moreira, Lau Swee Nyuk, Yong Kwan Thye, Lau Siok Nyuk and Kam Saw Gair.

● *Let us not forget that there are many faithful loyal Christians in Germany who hate this war as we do*

"In Everything Give Thanks"

In the October, 1940, Bulletin of the International Christian Press and Information Service of Geneva (a body under the auspices of the Provisional Committee of the World Council of Churches and supported by the World Y.M.C.A. and Y.W.C.A. Alliance and by the International Mission Council) news was given of severe air raid damage to certain German churches and to one of the outstanding pieces of Christian philanthropy in the Reich—the Epileptic Hospital and Home at Bethel-bei-Bielefeld.

The leader of this institution is Pastor F. von Bodelschwingh, whose name, it may be recalled, was put forward by powerful sections of the Church in Germany for the post of Reichsbischof, but was rejected by the authorities in favour of Dr. Muller. The following is the text of part of Pastor von Bodelschwingh's sermon, delivered on the Sunday after the bombing of Bethel. We believe that many united with Pastor von Bodelschwingh in the fellowship of suffering, will be helped by his words to a similar victory of faith.

"In Everything Give Thanks"

THE TEXT

"I thank my God always on your behalf, for the grace of God which is given you by Jesus Christ;

"That in every thing ye are enriched by Him, in all utterance, and in all knowledge;

"Even as the testimony of Christ was confirmed in you:

"So that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ:

"Who shall also confirm you unto the end, that ye may be blameless in the day of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"God is faithful, by whom ye were called unto the fellowship of his Son Jesus Christ our Lord."

I Corinthians, 1, verses 4—9.

THE SERMON

IN the past week we have experienced a darker calamity than any which Bethel had previously known. A cruel and indiscriminate war operation has hurled death and destruction upon the houses in which mercy does her hidden service to sick and little people. Here in the House of God we do not speak of the injustice that men have done to us—but bow ourselves quietly under the mighty hand of God. What does He desire to say to us through such experiences?

"When such thunder and lightning shatters the security of our life, that is the health-giving grace of God, which disciplines and admonishes us, and shows us eternity close behind our life. To become conscious of the closeness of eternity is a holy gift for the children of men. . . . Bright waves of love have in these days met the dark waves of suffering. It is as though the service at Bethel suddenly again became visible to many eyes as a concern upon the heart of the whole German nation. But I may also say this greater thing: many prayers have been offered for us in these days. The force that comes from sympathy, intercession and love in time of need is a holy gift to the children of men. . . .

"The passage which I just read describes what a Church that is inspired by Christ, a true home mission Church, is like. In the unrest of these last days I was continually grateful to meditate upon this description of the first days of the Church, and to learn from it what we need to-day and here. The first thing is this: to listen to the Word of Christ: You are, writes St. Paul, called by God into the fellowship of Christ, His Son, our Lord. . . . So one comes beneath His Cross, where the impotent have the strong at their mercy, and to His open grave, from which He Who was sunk in shame and death rises to the glory of God.

"Anyone who has been called into this fellowship must pass on what he has received. . . . We are carrying into the world of little people and sick people, old people and prisoners, the message of Him who breaks through all bonds, of Him Who is Light for the blind, Bread for the hungry, a Good Shepherd for all who are weary and heavy laden.

"The second thing that is necessary to-day is to draw from the fullness of Christ. *'In everything ye are enriched by Him!'* That is the secret of all true home mission work. We in Bethel are people who lack a very great deal from an external point of view. . . . Many people who visit us here say: What terribly poor people! We, however, may experience that poverty has hidden treasures, and that delicate flowers grow in the desert regions of life when a streamlet of love is guided into them. . . . When I laid my hand on the forehead of a seriously wounded little girl, and spoke her name aloud, and said: 'My dear little daughter, even if the British have shot you half to pieces, you are still our dear child,' such a beam of joy and beauty passed over the disfigured face that I was deeply moved. I suddenly felt as though above the little war-invalid in bed there stood the inscription: 'So that ye come behind in no gift.' To be able not only to be comforted, but also to send out thankfulness and love in the deepest suffering, is part of the wealth that we receive in Bethel. To witness to this wealth, which has its ultimate source, not in human friendliness but in the mercy of God—that is the nature and work of home mission.

"The third thing that we need now is to remember that we are waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. Now Jesus is hidden. We walk by faith and not by sight. But we have His promise that one day the scales shall be taken away. Then the day breaks which belongs to Him as no other does. For then His glory will be revealed, and all nations will be called before His judgment seat. There the measure by which judgment will be passed will be not the rule of orthodoxy but the rule of mercy: *'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me'* . . . These are the decisive realities for our work in Bethel. When I said goodbye the day before yesterday to our young

(*Concluded on page* 11)

● *A neighbouring Church in a time of stress*

The Batak Church

By TYLER THOMPSON

IN modern times, space has steadily been annihiated until the world has become little more than a single neighbourhood. This statement has been made so often that it is a commonplace. Nevertheless it is true: and new

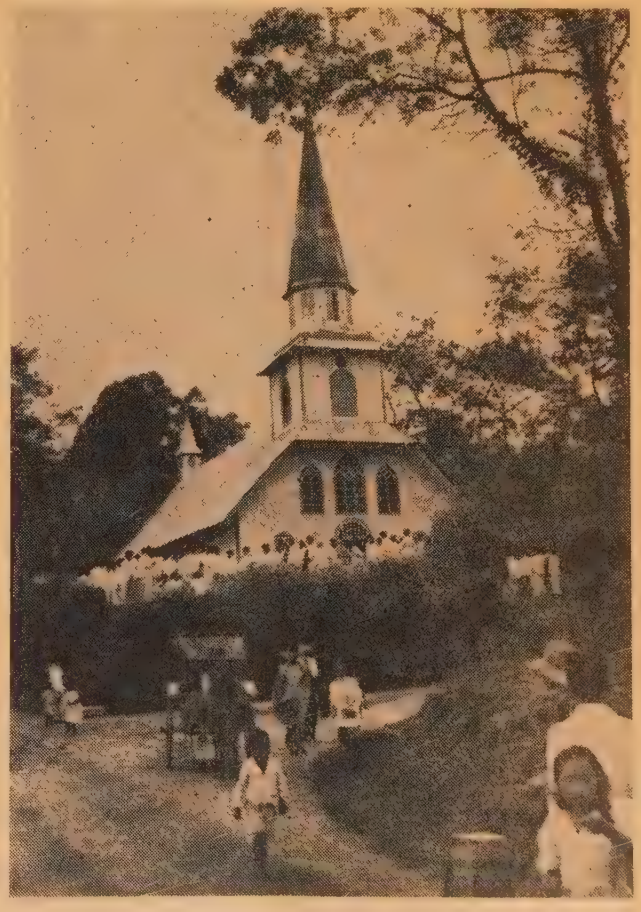
Batak Women and Girls after Morning Worship

and interesting evidence of its truth is constantly making itself felt in all different parts of the "neighbourhood." The close interrelatedness of the world shows itself in the widespread and rapid interchange of products and cultural contributions in peaceful times; and in the connection between the trouble of the various peoples of the earth in time of war. We in Malaya hardly need to be reminded that the threat to our security is tied up with the tragedy of Europe.

A near-by people whose recent development has been profoundly influenced by events thousands of miles away from them and largely outside the realm of their understanding or interest are the Bataks of Sumatra. They are a resourceful and talented people who, until comparatively recent times, lived a primitive life remote from the rest of the world. Perhaps the incident from their history best-known to the outside world is the killing of the first two American missionaries, Munson and Lyman, in 1834. This has led to a somewhat unfair overemphasis upon their canibalism, and the overlooking of more significant trends in their cultural past.

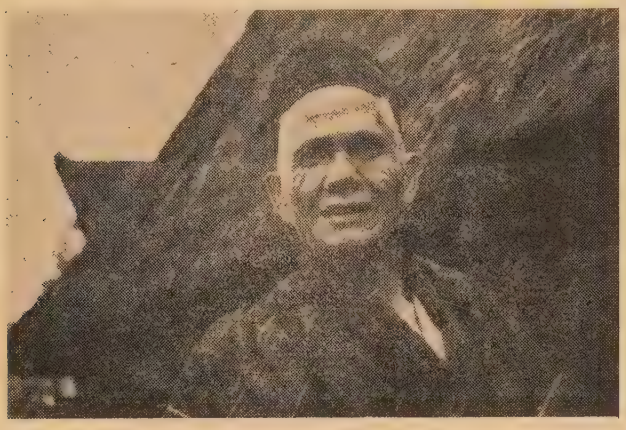
BUT, whatever their pre-Christian history, the story of the spread of the Gospel amongst the Bataks is one of the most thrilling in the whole tale of Christian expansion. The Rhenish missionaries began their work in Sumatra about eighty years ago. Except near the west coast the Bataks had not until that time been touched by any of the great world religions. Their religious impulses found expression in a primitive animism which apparently did not give them very deep satisfaction for they turned to Christianity with an eager readiness, after a period of suspicion of the early missionaries. In a virtual mass movement the Toba Bataks became Christians and, in time, came to make the church the center of their whole life both culturally and spiritually. The Batak church grew rapidly until it now numbers about half a million members. It is an inspiring experience to travel through Batakland, for one is rarely out of sight of a lovely rural church. They crown the hilltops and dot the edges of the valleys. Sometimes as many as three can be seen at once. The sight is glorious!

Of course a church which springs up so rapidly requires long and careful Christian nurture in order that it may sink its roots deep in Christian tradition and build for itself secure standards of life. The German missionaries who founded the church and later directed its life fully appreciated this need and tried to provide for it. They knew that although the Batak people had become Christian rapidly in name and practice, they would become Christian in life more slowly. So they organized them carefully and



The Church at Sipoholon
(*Boys from the Training School for Gurus in front of Church*)

wisely in order to care for their spiritual life adequately as possible with the small number of missionaries available. In the local congregation the members were divided into groups under the supervision of elders, unordained local workers somewhat like the old-time Methodist class leaders. In charge of each congregation was a *guru,* a trained but unordained pastor-teacher. Finally, over a number of congregations (functioning somewhat as a district superintendent) was set a pandita, or ordained pastor who had had training and experience as a *guru* and then received further training before ordination. This system of



Photos by Reinoehl

This old man lives in a Batak kampong near Brastagi. He is more than 80 years old. The younger people in his village who have attended school are Christians, but when asked whether he knew about Jesus he said, "How can I know, for when I have never learn to read?"

organization proved sound and worked well. Good schools were founded for the training of the leaders and steady progress was made. It was planned to place an ever-increasing measure of responsibility in the hands of the Batak leaders until eventually the church should become self-directing and self-supporting.

This Batak house is more than sixty years old and is the home of the old man above, who helped to build it. It is typical of those found in the kampongs of the Karo Bataks around Brastagi. They are said to last about 100 years but owing to the scarcity and high cost of hard woods such houses are no longer being built and these picturesque land marks will soon disappear from the Sumatra highlands.

HOWEVER, there were some mistakes made by the missionaries in the carrying out of this sound strategy. On one hand, insufficient emphasis was laid upon stewardship. The people have never learned to give freely and sacrificially, with the result that the financial difficulties of the church are now acute. On the other hand, growing responsibility and independence for Batak leaders remained largely theoretical. Control and direction stayed securely in the hands of the missionaries who were less bold in their practice than in their planning when it came to trusting the Batak leaders with responsibilities which might prove too large for them. Then, too, some of the missionaries had a distressing tendency to preserve between themselves and the Bataks artificial and seemingly un-Christian social distinctions. Bataks were, for example, expected to come in the back door when they entered many missionary homes. For these and other reasons the rising spirit of independence in the Batak church, being somewhat frustrated, gave rise to a growing resentment—almost rebelliousness. The tendency was however, kept in check by the strong controlling hand of the mission.

Scene in a Karo Batak village (kampong)—the slow moving ox-cart is even more common in Sumatra than in Malaya.

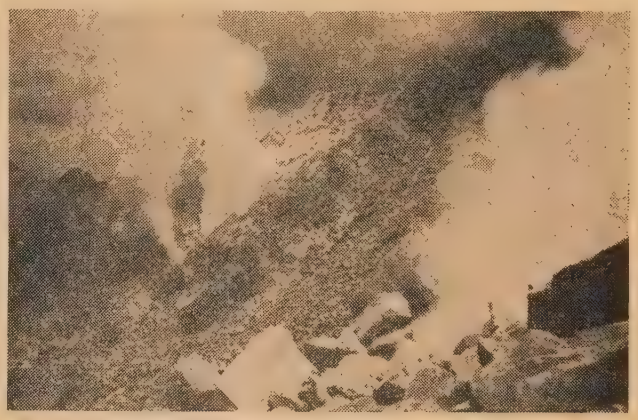
At this point a far-off tragedy intervened to play its part in complicating the life of the Batak people. Germany invaded Holland and the Netherlands Indies Government, acting under the necessities of war, interned the German missionaries. Thus was removed from the Batak church the heavy hand of external restraint. Immediately, valiant (and successful) efforts were made to organize an emergency mission to take over the work of the Rhenish mission. An emergency mission committee was set up in Batavia to care for all German and Dutch mission work in the Indies—funds were collected from many sources. Under the Batavia committee missionaries of various nationalities and denominations were brought together and assigned to the Batak work. (Among them was the Rev. A. V. Klaus, for twenty-eight years a prominent member of the Methodist Mission in Java and Sumatra and now head of the seminary for training *panditas* at Sipoholon..) This was done very quickly considering the difficulties involved, but before it could be arranged the Batak church had set itself up as an independent institution. This in itself would not be particularly regrettable were it not for the state of mind of the leaders in the newly-organized church. But, the background of

and motives for the separation having been what they were, the attitude of the church leaders was non-cooperative—even antagonistic—toward the mission. The new independence is thought of in terms of freedom from oppression—or perhaps repression. In some of the churches the new missionaries are not even welcome to preach. But, on the other hand, the mission owns and controls all of the institutions of the former mission such as schools, hospitals and the like. The church would like to take over the management, but it is felt by those closest of the situation to be incapable as yet of running them in a responsible and effective manner. Thus, although the situation is not as happy as it might be just now, the missionaries are carrying on in the hope that a greater measure of cooperation will gradually be achieved. Meanwhile, their chance to serve the people and to train leaders is but little impaired.

THE future of the Batak church is somewhat precarious. One of its glories has been and is its unity. Certain inroads upon that unity have been made in recent years by the Roman Catholics and other smaller groups, and three small branches of the church have split off in the last twenty years, but now a more dangerous challenge has come from within. Can the Batak church sufficiently control its new-found freedom through self-discipline? Can the tragic divisions which have so often marred the course of liberty within the Christian Church be avoided? If they can it will be a striking and thrilling testimony of the power of the Spirit. Consecrated and selfless leadership will be demanded, for self-seeking leadership will mean certain division. But leaders who put away thought of personal power or gain represent the highest and finest flowering of a Christian tradition. The Christian Church at maturity has had all too few of them. It is a great deal to expect of a young church to produce leadership of such a calibre. But it must be done.

One element which complicates the situation here for the Bataks has to do with the motives which lead their young men into the ministry. The church life and the community life are to a considerable extent linked together. Thus a man who is a teacher and a leader in the church has achieved the highest position in the community open to him. Families will make great sacrifices in order that their sons may become *gurus*. For this reason the motive of self-sacrifice plays a smaller part in calling men into the ministry than it otherwise might. I am not suggesting that further division within the Batak church is inevitable, but it is a danger which will be overcome only by great patience and care. Many another group of Christians has stumbled where the Bataks will need to succeed.

THERE is one factor in the situation which may help the Bataks to maintain their substantially unbroken fellowship where others have failed. There is no direct logical connection between it and the preservation of unity, but I have hope that it may prove a channel through which the spirit of God will help to defeat the human tendency to division. The factor is singing. The Bataks have a wide and justified reputation for the excellence and



The interior of the crater of Mt. Sibajak is a roaring inferno of steam and noxious gases which come forth under pressure from fissures in the rocks. The large boulders in the foreground are covered with a thick coating of bright yellow sulphur.

power of their singing. But song is for them much more than a human achievement—it is a definite means of grace! It plays a large part in the spiritual life of the church. I heard one *guru* express the opinion that it is more important than preaching! Certainly in the local congregation singing means a warm spiritual fellowship and thus helps to create a live sense of unity. Whether it can make itself felt in the larger fellowship of the whole church remains to be seen. Disappointed and disgrunted leaders will certainly arise and attempt to use to their own advantage the tendency to factionalism present among free men. Although music is no logical antidote for this divisiveness, it is conceivable that its effects may outrun logical expectations.

The Batak church merits the prayers and interest of all Christians in this time of testing.

(*Continued from page* 8)

dying colleague, the shadow of deep suffering lay upon her face. . . . but through the darkness of death came a bright gleam when I thanked her again in the name of us all for her service in life and death. And the light grew brighter, when we looked out from all the tribulations of earthly history to the place where one day the mystery of the terrible night of Bethel will be solved. She and I were quite comforted when we realised that she was gathered up like a child in her Father's hand, and that above everything that collapses and passes away on earth there stands the unmovable Kingdom of God, which is the home of us all. So I brought with me from that death-bed the prayer that through the hard experience of these last days we may be more firmly united with all those who love the appearing of the Lord Jesus. If we remain under His rule and in His love, then all things must work together for our good. Then holy joy grows even out of the deepest suffering. Then we are wanderers who go hand in hand to the same goal. For God is faithful, by Whom we are called unto the fellowship of His Son, Jesus Christ our Lord."

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● *A pastor and father writes out of his own experience*

Worship in the Christian Home

By Waldo S. Reinoehl

IN a country like Malaya where Christians are in the minority a good many church members are the sole representatives of our faith in their homes. But there is a growing number of Christian homes in each community, and these are the concern of every pastor. The older generation maintained some sort of family shrine, a symbol of everyday religion. It is important that Christian homes also maintain this tradition in their own way. No doubt it is a good thing for families to worship together in church and to continue the habit of church attendance, but the home should be the religious centre. The Church should not take religion out of the home, but rather it should put it back into the home. We remember that there was once a father whose life so impressed his Son that when he became a Teacher he spoke of God as Father.

The regular practice of religion in the home has two special values. First, it provides a common faith and a sure basis of adjustment for all sorts of difficulties, to trouble and sorrow. Trouble comes to Christians as it does to others, for our faith is not a charm to be hung about the neck. The essential difference that it makes is that it helps us to meet trouble with poise and confidence and to rise above it. The family faces it as a unit, each member strengthening the other. Innumerable Christians bear testimony to the fact that their faith has been the sole bond which held their family together in time of trouble.

Second, the regular practice of religion is the guiding influence for the training of childhood. Children are naturally religious. They have reverence, curiosity, and a desire to get a definite picture of God. Parents cannot create this picture, but they can guide the child in his quest. Every parent desires to train his children and prepare them for useful living, in other words, to develop character. The cultivation of the religious life through family worship is the most natural and spontaneous way of fulfilling this ambition.

NATURALLY, in the modern Christian home the old-fashioned shrine has been abolished. Sacred pictures and mottoes and the family Bible are the marks which indicate that it is a christian home. The choice of these symbols depends upon the artistic taste of the individual, but in any case there should be some indication. Unfortunately, in some homes little thought is given as to what should take the place of the old shirine. Cheap pictures of movie stars are often used to fill up bare spaces on the walls. How much better it would be to choose a sacred picture such as Hoffman's "Boy Christ" or "Christ in Gethsemane." Sacred pictures are to be found among the world's masterpieces. They would be a definite addition to the artistic atmosphere of any home.

FAMILY worship requires a convenient time and place. There must be a time in the day when the whole family can meet together without interruption or hurry. This may be in the morning at breakfast time, or in the evening. The place may not seem important, but at least it should be a room where the worship is not likely to be interrupted. Dr. E. M. Conover of our church has suggested that a substitute for the nonchristian shrine might be set up in the home. A table against the wall in the room where worship is usually conducted is set aside for this purpose. On it is kept the family Bible, a copy of the Methodist Hymnal and any devotional books which are frequently used. A vase or two of flowers would add to the attractiveness of the table. Above it could be hung a sacred picture. This would provide the centre around which the family would gather for their daily devotions. Naturally this would not be an object of worship or a shrine in the true sense of the word.

THE practice of saying grace before meals is universal among Christians; in fact, among Continental people it is quite common to have grace before and after meals. It provides a touch of reverence sprinkled through the day which is so filled with matter-of-fact dealing. It is an acknowledgement of our Creator whose power and influence is constant though not always recognized. There are many prayers which may be used. One which is in the Wesley tradition, "Be present at our table, Lord", is sung to the tune Old Hundred. Its advantage is that the whole family can take part. Children like to take their turn in saying grace, using a suitable memorized form of prayer. The following is one that they like:

> Thank you for the food we eat,
> Thank you for the flowers so sweet,
> Thank you for the birds that sing,
> Thank you, God, for everything. Amen.

A simple form like the one below is common:

> Bless us, O Lord, in what we are going to receive, and make us truly thankful; for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

Small children easily acquire the ability to say a prayer at bed-time. The mother may offer a prayer of her own, including the child's happy experiences, toys and playmates. Sometimes she may use a memorized form from a book of prayers for children. The child soon learns to form his own prayer. Such a child has a great advantage over many adults who are too shy or embarrassed to express their wants in public prayer. At the same time, the acquisition of this skill is a great boon to normal character development.

"Like manna in the wilderness, religion is good for a day at a time. It must be renewed day by day to be effective. A vital religion must be kept up to date".

● *A first-hand glimpse into real Dyak life*

Dyaks on their Rivers and in their Long-Houses

By H. B. Amstutz

(This article was given as a Travel Talk from the Malaya Broadcasting Corporation Station on August 5th, 1941)

I HAVE only recently returned from a rather extensive visit into the Dyak country at the headwaters of the Rejang River of Sarawak, Borneo. This river, one of Borneo's largest, is a mighty stream large enough for ocean-going steamers to call at the town of Kapit 150 miles upstream. Everything beyond Kapit is reserved for the Dyak people. No Chinese, or Indian or European is permitted to purchase land or plant rubber beyond this town. It was at Kapit, the site of our newest Mission Station, that my adventures began.

The Rev. Paul H. Schmucker and I set out from Kapit on the morning of June 27th in his long-boat. We had as

Dyaks in Fancy Dress

our boatman a group of Dyaks to whom these rivers spelled home. The minimum crew for a long-boat is two, namely, a man to run the outboard motor and the other to sit on the very tip of the prauh to watch for submerged rocks and logs. This particular boat is 55 feet long and was made out of a single tree trunk hollowed out and tapered at the front and rear. Boards were then fastened on the sides making the boat four feet wide at the centre top and probably two feet deep at that point. Such a boat may carry 15 people plus considerable luggage. Those riding in the central portion are protected from the sun and rain by movable attap roofs.

Our powerful motor pushed us rapidly some miles up the great Rejang and then up the Balek River for several hours until we reached the junction of the Mujong River. You have a rather strange feeling after you leave Kapit for you know you are going into a region that does not have any of the marks of civilization. You will not see a single shop, or anything human-made, except long-houses and boats, after Kapit. You will be completely out of range and touch with civilization. You leave behind you roads, sanitation, gas and electricity, medical aid, the posts and telegraph system, in fact everything that spells the comfort of civilization.

Rapids—thrilling and dangerous

Soon after going up the Mujong River we met our first rapids. Now I had often seen rapids from a distance but I had never actually gone up and down on any. Consequently, and I think you share this with me, I had the notion that they were always exaggerated and not nearly as dangerous or difficult as they were made out to be. I was soon to discover my mistake for the next day and a half we were to struggle with almost nothing but rapids until we reached our destination.

The method was always the same. We would shoot rapidly along under the power of our motor until we saw a rapids immediately ahead. A shout from the forward man and the motor would be cut out and lifted up. Then the boat would be manoeuvred toward the deepest place in the rapids and of course also the swiftest. As soon as the boat was actually in them the boatmen would jump out on either side—we had 5 men plus two boys—and begin to pull the boat up and over. When the going became worse Schmucker and I likewise jumped out into what would be knee to waist deep water to help. To my astonishment I found the current surprisingly strong. It was impossible to stand up in waist deep water without holding on to the boat, the rapid motion of the water even washing the stones from under our feet—the river beds seemed to be nothing but round boulders of all sizes.

Each new rapids was a new challenge. One wondered how deep it would be and if the boat would capsize. No

single one was the same as the one before—they might be 25 yards long or several hundred yards long or a continous series for a long distance. As soon as the top would be reached all would jump back into the boat, the motor would roar and away we would go, perhaps for half a mile, perhaps only for a hundred yards.

The scenery from Kapit onwards is very beautiful. The hills rise on either side of the river valleys in ever higher ranges, some of them 500 to 1000 feet above the surface of the river. Great trees drop their branches and foliage down over the water so that one travels through great green canyons. The river bed itself is usually a mass of huge rough boulders, ledges of rock with jagged edges, often there are enormous beds of small boulders and very occasionally a sand bank. Here and there deposits have been made by the back wash of floods: great masses of timber, whole trees, tangles of roots, debris of all sorts, jumbled together. At other places we came through what were literally gateways of rock, the centres of which had been worn down by thousands of years of floods and incessant washing; once these places must have been beautiful water-falls.

Crocodiles furnish excitement

There was surprisingly little wild life to be seen. No doubt the noise of our outboard motor frightened everything away before we came near. At one time we saw two hawks hovering over something on a ledge of rock and as one of the Dyaks went to investigate he found that they had just caught a fish about 18 inches long which was still hardly touched, so he retrieved it for their next meal. Once in one of the lower rapids our chief boatman let out a shout for he had almost stepped on a crocodile about 4 feet long lying on the bottom of the river. Wild pig are often caught as they swim across the rivers but we saw none.

On our way up to Kapit we saw a large crocodile asleep on a sand bank. He must have been 12 to 15 feet in length. I asked the Chinese boatman to stop the launch and back up to it so that I might get him in my cine camera. But the noise of the motor plus the excited cries of the Dyak and Chinese passengers awakened him before we got within 50 feet—suddenly he awoke and you never saw anything move so fast as that horrible beast did. I was happy to find upon my return to Singapore that I did catch him briefly with my camera.

We mentioned seeing this beast when we arrived at Kapit and were told that only a few days before a Dyak woman had been killed by one while she was hunting clams—she was pulled under so suddenly that the others present did not know anything about it until she was missed. The Malays decided they must try to catch this crocodile for they become man-eaters, just like tigers, after their first human catch. Using rotan lines and hunks of meat as bait they caught not just one but two large ones and upon opening their stomachs found remains of the woman in each. As we were going down river again the boatman suddenly pointed out the carcass of one of these. It was a huge thing lying legs up on the river's surface and must have been 18 to 20 feet length—it was all very thrilling to see until suddenly we came into the wind and the terrific stench nearly made us sick. We had hardly gone on for half an hour when we saw a another large crocodile swimming away right from under our prow. It had evidently been sleeping on the surface and was disturbed by our boat.

To continue our story: we went up river passing but a few long-houses which were always perched high up on the crest of the river bank, until at 5 p.m. we came to a long-house belonging to friends of our boatmen. Now I had visited at least a dozen long-houses previously but had never stayed in any of them for more than a casual visit of perhaps half an hour. To live and sleep in a long-house is a totally different matter. We found the people always very cordial but any description of mine and all the cine pictures that I have taken have to omit two important elements: the sounds and the smells. I will say more about this later.

Four Sisters—one not too happy!

Early the next morning we set out again going up the Mujong River until we reached the mouth of the Melinau River, on which perhaps 20 miles up, Penghulu Sibat's house was located which we were going to visit. About an hour later we were met by the Penghulu and some of his men who then helped us with the much more difficult rapids we were to find. What lithe, muscular and strong men these Dyaks are and truly expert river boatmen. How they seemed to enjoy helping us with our long heavy boat! The sun was shining brightly, the water was deliciously cool and clear. We were happy to be amidst friends.

Welcomed by the Penghulu's Wife

About 3 p.m. we drew up on a large boulder bed which lay at the foot of the hill on top of which stands Penghulu Sibat's long-house. His wife and children, dressed in their best clothes, were down on the river bank to meet us. An old Dyak solemnly waved a big rooster over our heads and the Penghulu's wife offered us glasses of tuak (Dyak rice wine). Dozens of willing hands seized every bit of our luggage and the Penghulu graciously invited us to climb the log steps—there were five logs laid zigzag with connecting platforms that brought us to his house. This was to be our home for three nights and two days.

Sibat's long-house is the largest I have ever been in. I found that it contained 30 doors, in other words, was made up of 30 homes representing a total of 150 to 200

people. The next day I paced off the house and found it to be 570 feet long, the outside veranda 18 feet wide and the inside of house, divided longitudinally into corridor and rooms, about 40 feet in width. Imagine yourself in a corridor only about 8 feet high, 20 feet wide and almost 600 feet long. In the dim light of this corridor it is impossible to see one end from the other. At night each family lights a fire outside their door burning the hard jungle rubber. The memory of these little fires built on flat stones and burning two or three inches high is one of the vividest recollections of my visit there.

In a Long-house

The inside corridor, contrary to my previous belief, is not actually a common communal room for the section of the corridor immediately in front of each room is literally the living and reception room of each individual family. This corridor is divided exactly into half, the inside section being the passage-way up and down which anyone may go. Along this passage-way in front of each room you will find one or more fighting cocks tethered or living in small coops. Also, immediately under the open loose floor, you will often find chicken coops suspended and in some cases heavier ones in which they keep pigs that are being fattened for consumption. Every family seems to have one or more dogs—they are the sorriest looking lot of dogs you can imagine and there always seems to be a dog fight on or some dog is howling from a kick.

A Dyak Family

The other half of the corridor is usually covered with matting and there is a sort of elevated section along the outside wall that forms a bench or seat of honour for guests. You are graciously invited to enter these open living rooms. You are asked to sit on the elevated portion and your host and the others squat about you. Usually his wife or daughter will offer you some tuak (rice wine). On the rafters overhead they find storage space for their great tubs of padi, for fire-wood, rotan fish traps, rolls of matting, etc. Likewise, suspended from these rafters one finds an occasional bunch of heads—dirty, blackened, and slung in rotan baskets—that had been taken years ago. Our host's house only boasted about two dozen but a house we had visited a few days earlier had forty-six.

We found no privacy

The Penghulu showed his hospitality by moving his family out of his own private room which was then given to us for our stay with them. One of the things I had to get accustomed to from the first was the total lack of privacy. We found men and women constantly passing through our room as we were dressing or changing and it requires a special knack to achieve these results modestly when you do not wear a sarong! Even though these men dress as a rule only in a loin cloth, called a sirat, and the woman dress in the briefest of sarongs yet we never noticed any indecency or the slightest suggestion of lewdness. There was rather a perfect sort of naturalness about almost all the functions of life.

At night we spread out our mats and blankets on the floor of this private room, hung up our mosquito nets and tried to sleep. Sleeping in a long-house is really an experience. When there wasn't a dog-fight on some baby would howl. Down below us some 12 or 15 feet on the ground were the other chicken coups and pig pens. I did not realize that pigs had so much family trouble. But the most vivid memory I have is that of cock crowing. Including the fighting cocks and the ordinary roosters down below there were perhaps 125 roosters in that house. All day and all night one hears roosters crowing. Some noise disturbs a rooster and he crows and every other rooster in that incredibly long house takes up the challenge. This seems to go on endlessly.

You never smelled such smells!

My description would be completely lacking in detail if I did not say a word about the smells. Knowing nothing about the European notions of sanitation and having houses whose floors are ideally made for such emergencies these Dyaks face no sewerage disposal problem as do the city fathers of Singapore. When you waken in the morning and come out into the corridor a rich, pungent, almost-overpowering aroma seems to fill everything—an aroma that is the combination of pig, chicken, dog, cat and human excreta. Although this pungent smell is always present it seemed to be less noticeable in the day-time, however, when we got back to Kapit and even to Singapore, I found that my clothes, blankets, bags, everything exuded a hang-over of this persistent long-house aroma.

Life in a long-house is very interesting and as we were there during the off-season between the heavy work in the padi fields we could observe them at home. During the mornings some of the men would go fishing, others were busy with various jobs—one was making a drum, another weaving a basket, others were sharpening knives and spears, one man was bringing a small 2½ inch

long hooked blade to razor-like sharpness which every now and then he would fit to a spur on his fighting cock. Several women were busy at looms making sarongs, there were always some girls pounding rice into flour. Due to a clever arrangement whereby a heavy plank knocks the rice flour loose after it has been pounded into the grinding hole by the girls' poles you think at first you are hearing drums being beat. The women and girls carry all the water from the river for their household needs. This is done by means of large gourds each holding about a gallon. The first sight in the dim morning light and the last scene at night is the women carrying water from the river.

Hygienic Principles are unknown

The Dyaks love to bathe and take a dip in the river at least twice a day. Few can afford soap for bathing and none ever use a towel. They seem to have little notion of how to wash clothes, especially such things as pillows, mattresses, sarongs and towels used to care for babies. The morning of the last day I had noticed a particularly dirty towel on the floor of our room and wondered whose it might be. As we were squatting on the floor at noon eating our tiffin of rice, some bully beef and vile tea which had been brewed by our Dyak boy, I suddenly observed him drying our dishes and cutlery on that filthy towel. Fortunately for me I had almost finished eating. Mr. Schmucker laughed at me saying that no doubt the same towel had been used for that purpose ever since our arrival. I sincerely hoped that my typhoid innoculation, taken a fortnight before in Singapore, would hold good!

The journey back and down the rapids was really the most thrilling of all. It took us one long day to cover what had taken nearly two days going up. Going down commands all the skill and daring of the expert river man. First of all he must know at what point at the head of the rapids he will strike deep water; he must know what lies down below and often on the other side of intervening rocks; he must know the exact moment to alter the course of the boat. It is certainly no mean thing to navigate a 55-foot boat through the rapids we came through! You hold on ready to jump for you never know when your boat may straddle a submerged rock or log and overbalance throwing you and your cargo into the swirling waters. As I had two cine cameras, one borrowed, and much precious film naturally I was apprehensive. When, however, your boat finally gets through and settles into the level water at the bottom the feeling is exactly like that in a swing as you come back on the re-bound. Just at dusk we tied up at the Schmucker's little wharf and wearily but gladly climbed the 150-foot hill to the comfortable Mission bungalow—what a grand feeling it was to leave our dirty clothes outside and have a good bath and a shave. How welcome was the delicious dinner of baked ham plus other home-baked delicacies that Mrs. Schmucker is so adept at making. And later how inviting the clean sheets and the soft bed! We were happy to be home again.

Our Dyak Boys' School

EARLY this year our missionary to the Dyak people, the Rev. Paul H. Schmucker, started a School for Dyak boys. He is assisted by Mr. Lucius Mamoera, a Christian Batak Guru from Sumatra, who had been educated and trained in our Mission schools in Java and Sumatra. The School is still small due to lack of dormitory facilities and also because Mr. Schmucker is going slow in order not to over-reach at the beginning. The School, which consists of 11 boys varying in age from 8 to 16, meets in the cool open space under the Mission bungalow. Here from 8.00—11.00 a.m. and 2.00—3.00 p.m. the boys study reading, writing, arithmetic, and are beginning to learn the rudiments of carpentry, gardening and poultry raising.

These 11 boys have a natural grace and mannerliness that makes them very winsome. All but one still have their hair long and wear it in the Dyak fashion in a bunch sticking straight out from the back of their heads. Mr. Schmucker has very carefully selected these boys from the various long-houses he has visited up-river. He could have 40 or 50 boys but he feels it is wiser to begin small and work up to a large school when resources and conditions permit. Rather than take the boys haphazardly he has chosen as carefully as he could from the many candidates that wish to come.

Two of these boys, who come from Sibat's long-house, accompanied us on our up-river trip described in the foregoing article. Penghulu Sibat is our greatest asset at

The Writer with the boys of the Methodist Dyak School, Lucius Mamoera, and Jimmy Schmucker.

present. As chief of 22 long-houses he governs a large district. He is distinctly and one might say a natural-born chieftain. He is most friendly to our work and visits the School every month or oftener. His wife is anxious to place her daughters in the School. It is Mrs. Schmucker's intention to start a Dyak Girls' School as soon as the new boys dormitory is built.

Mr. Mamoera has recently been visiting a large long-house about an hour's journey up-river from Kapit. The married sister of one Mr. Schmucker's boatmen lives there and so that relationship has been a means of establishing a friendship with the mission. Mr. Mamoera conducts a service of worship taking some of the boys with him to sing hymns which they have learned and then he gives a simple talk based on the Gospel and the life of Jesus. These visits are greatly appreciated and the people look forward to his coming. As the opportunity presents itself Mr. Schmucker and Mr. Mamoera will visit other long-houses and thus sow the seeds of the Gospel.

We have a remarkably fine opportunity here to spread the message of Jesus Christ and our efforts at Kapit ought to have the support of all Malayan Methodists through our Home Missionary Society. It is easy to get so engrossed in one's own work that one forgets others. But let not forget the Schmucker's and the Mamoera's as they faithfully and bravely sow the seeds of the Kingdom in lonely and faraway Kapit.

Photo by H. H. The Raja of Sarawak

The boys of the Methodist Dyak Boys School at Kapit. Mr. Lucius Mamoera, their teacher is in the left background together with a visiting Dyak penghulu. The classroom is under the Mission bungalow.

To Our Subscribers

THIS issue of the Malaysia Message will now come out at least two weeks late. Few of you know that a Paper Control Office has been established by Government and that this magazine as all others comes under it. Your Editor has had to work at a disadvantage being away on his annual holiday and trying to reach an agreement with those in authority as to the size of this magazine.

The first permit did not reach him until the 4th. That meant a complete revision due to a cut of eight pages. A second letter altered the size by four pages. Finally a personal interview on the 10th resulted in permission to print the full 28 pages for this month. It was then too late to alter the changes already made so the magazine is being published in this form.

Due to the drastic cut in pages that would have to be made for the November and December issues it seems wisest at present for us to secure permission, if possible, to publish a combined issue for the two months to come at the end of November. This issue, if granted, will contain 32 pages plus cover. We are grateful to the Paper Control Office for permitting us to publish this issue the usual full size.

We trust that our subscribers will appreciate the effort of Government in attempting to conserve the paper stocks so there will not be a desperate shortage of paper in the months that are ahead. We can assure you that we shall give you all that we can in the hard and difficult days that still lay before us.

H. B. Amstutz, *Editor.*

● *These should have the support of parents, teachers, pastors, principals*

Temperance Contests

OCTOBER has been designated by the Malaysia Commission on Religious Education as Temperance month, and it is hoped that all Methodist schools, Sunday Schools and Epworth Leagues in Malaya will have Temperance programmes during the month. Material on this subject will be furnished free by the M.C.R.E. office at 48 Canning Rise upon request. Furthermore it is hoped that many groups will feature contests in their programme.

Rules for Oratorial Contest

1. In schools it is suggested that these contests be open to 8th Standard and Senior Cambridge students, and in Epworth Leagues to any leaguer.
2. The competing class may consist of not less than 5 or more than 7.
3. The selection recited must be a memorized original oration, taking not less than 5 minutes or more than 7 minutes to deliver. Copies of each competing oration must be presented to each of the three judges on the occasion of the competition before the judging to assist them in grading Section A.
4. Helps in preparation may be secured from any standard books which deal with the evils of beverage alcohol, opium and gambling, from physiology texts, magazines, pamphlets, medical authorities, encyclopaedia and life situations.
5. Speakers draw for order of speaking, and are known by number only during the contest.
6. No applause should be permitted as applause may affect the judges' decision.
7. The decision as to the award of first place is to be decided by three qualified persons acting as judges, to whom printed forms by which to rate the contestants are given. (These will be supplied free upon request from the M.C.R.E. office.) The identity of the judges should not be known by the contestants nor should they be relatives or particular friends of the contestants nor should they have heard any contestant giving his or her oration in practice or public previously.
8. It is wise to have one person selected to serve as prompter.
9. When the judges have given the Chairman of the occasion their decision they and the contestants may be introduced to the audience before the winner is announced. If desired those receiving second and third place may be announced. Music is effective to use during the time the judges are deliberating, and it is hoped that during that time or at the close of the contest an opportunity will be given for those present to sign temperance pledge-cards.

Rules for Temperance Poster Contest

OPEN TO PUPILS IN STANDARDS 1 to 5, INCLUSIVE.

Subject:

Pupils have a choice of one of these:

(1) Any reason why one should not use intoxicating liquor.
(2) Any reason why one should not use opium.
(3) Any reason why one should not gamble.

Size:

Maximum: 12 by 15 inches. Minimum: 9 by 12 inches.

Materials:

Poster board, water colours, pencil or crayons.

Markings:

1. Subject 25%
2. Attractiveness (ability to catch the eye) 25%
3. Composition 25%
4. Neatness 25%

Care should be used in choosing a competent committee for judging.

(It is hoped that groups holding contests will send their winning posters for display at the Annual Conferences.)

RULES FOR TEMPERANCE ESSAY CONTEST.
Open to Pupils of Standards 6 and 7.

Subject:

Pupils have a choice of one of these:

(1) Why I would not use alcoholic drinks.
(2) Why I would not use opium.
(3) Doors that are closed to the opium smoker.
(4) Why I will not gamble.

Number of words:

Maximum: 1,000 words. Minimum 700 words.

Markings:

Essays will be graded on a basis of 100 percent.

50% on originality and consistency in development of the theme.

50% on general appearance, English and composition (including grammatical excellence).

The average grade of the three judges who shall separately grade each paper will be the grade of the paper, and the highest grade thus arrived at will be the winning paper.

Helps in preparation:

Use any standard books which deal with the evils of opium and alcohol, physiology books, magazines, medical authorities, encyclopaedia.

(It is hoped that winning essays will be sent to the Editor of the Malaysia Message so that some may be published.)

● *How pride can destroy what should be beautiful*

Our Boys and Girls

The Acceptable Offering

By MARY ENTWISTLE

WITH the people of the fertile group of the West Indian Islands, Harvest Sunday has always been a very special day. However poor the worshippers and however humble their little huts of clay and palm-leaf thatch, the churches and chapels have always presented a truly festive appearance on Harvest Thanksgiving days.

Preparations began early on the preceding day, when willing hands brought offerings of fruit and nuts and edible roots. Donkeys with laden panniers swing round the steep curves of the mountain roads leading to the town and village. Beside them walked fine, muscular men, old market women, tall, straightlimbed lads and lassies, carrying upon their upon their heads more gifts—baskets of bread-fruit, gauvas mangoes, red and green peppers, huge yams, sweet potatoes and water melons. When on the next day they came together in the chapel, all their toil and weariness would be forgotten in the joy of seeing their mangoes, bananas, sweet corn and melons offered unto their Lord. Their own hands had planted, tended and plucked this fruitfulness of God's earth. So sweetly, tunefully swelled out their joyful challenge:

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home."

THE people of a coast village in one of the smaller West Indian Islands had enjoyed such festivals for many years, but lately some under-tone of envy and malice threatened the sincerity of the worshippers and the harmony of their rejoicing. It had been the custom for the two chapels to celebrate their Harvest Thanksgiving on different Sundays so that the congregations might attend both festivals. The plan had worked well in the past; the two choirs practised together for the harvest hymns, the ministers and the lay preachers interchanged pulpits, and willing hands from both congregations helped to decorate both chapels. The more prosperous of the village people lived in the streets clustering round the small harbour and attended a chapel that boasted a bell-tower. The poorer folk lived on the hill above, a mile or more away, where also their chapel stood. For long years the friendliest relations existed between the two congregations. But then came a change, though no one could say just when the rift began, or why. Gradually the two congregations grew less willing to co-operate on these special days. Rivalry and envy entered into the planning; decorative schemes became the property of the congregation who initiated then and were no longer shared. The choirs found reasons that quite prevented them meeting together, and in spite of all the ministers could do, feeling ran high. Bitter things were said, foolish and mean things were done, and as much energy was expended in frustrating the plans of their rival chapel as in carrying out their own. Then there came the year when by common consent the old system was abandoned and each chapel announced its Harvest Thanksgiving for the same Sunday.

As Harvest Sunday drew near, magnificent preparations were in progress in the chapel near the shore. The people were determined to out-shine all their past efforts. Their festival should be the finest show the island had ever seen. It would be a relief, they said, to have the place to themselves and the singing unspoiled by the untrained voices of the chapel foks on the hill. So the boys and girls were sent to scour the countryside for tree fern and flowering branches, the men chose the finest roots and fruit from their gardens and the women turned flour and fruits and spices into huge loaves and cakes and pies.

Then it seemed as though their preparations would be all in vain. Two nights before the Harvest Sunday storm signals showed in a flaming sunset and a glassy sea. When night fell the storm broke and passed, swift and terrible, and at daybreak its path was plainly seen. The hill plantations were all but wrecked; coconut trees with but the bare trunks left; banana gardens striped and broken, and many of the huts with torn thatch and damaged walls; only the small chapel had escaped hurt. But in the gardens and streets near the harbour nothing had been damaged. The storm had exhausted its strength upon the hill and had passed out to sea, leaving untouched the low-lying gardens and homes.

Among the harbour people there was great rejoicing; their gardens had been spared, and all was well with them. Some even went so far as to say that the hill folk had met with their just reward. "A judgment," they said, shaking their heads wisely as they hurried out of their houses, with gifts from their garden to the chapel. When the Thanksgiving Day was over they would see if the poor folk needed help; to-day must be given up to their decorating. All the people worked until the plain white walls and plaster pillars were hidden by ferns and creeper, and the altar heaped high with ruddy and golden fruit. Above hung a great scroll lettered in red, purple and gold, bidding all to *"Bring an offering and come into His Courts."* The busy workers glowed with pride when all was done. "For sure," they said, "there never was a better sight. Minister will say so come sermon time to-morrow."

THE next day everyone went early to chapel. Long before the bell ceased its calling the expectant congregation were in their seats, whispering to one another and pointing out their own particular gifts as they waved palm-leaf fans to and fro in the hot air. When at last the old minister, a man of their own race, climbed the high

pulpit stairs, all eyes were turned to him and every face looked eagerly for his commendation. But the dark face above the black gown and white bands was troubled, and the eyes held deep sorrow. "My brethren and sisters," the old minister began, "we will rise and sing 'O, for a closer walk with God.'"

For a moment or two the choir and congregation looked blanky at their minister. This was no harvest hymn! But obediently the congregation stood. A few sang, the rest whispered to their neighbours the question that was in everyone's mind: "What's the matter?"

The prayer that followed answered the question for some; later the Bible reading and the minister's talk left no one unenlightened. The Bible narrative took on a new meaning as the old minister read of the offering of Cain and Abel: *"If thou doest well shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door."*

There was a deep quiet in the chapel. The whispering voices and fluttering fans were stilled as the minister spoke of the villagers on the hill and the consequence to them of the storm's havoc. He uttered no denunciation, he poured no scorn on the people before him, but through his own feeling and distress they entered into an understanding of their sin. Had they done well? When his quavering ceased, a deep sigh went up and all heads bowed humbly as he dismissed them with a blessing. After the service the people lingered, waiting for their minister to join them, casting shamefaced glances at their decorations, talking in subdued tones about their neighbours on the hill. By the time the minister came out they had come to some decision, and pushed forward one of their number to be their spokesman.

"Pastor!" said the spokesman, "your words have cut us to the heart. Sin lieth at our door. We brought our offerings in pride and not for the glory of the Lord. And now we know what we must do. We will take everything we have brought here to the hill chapel yonder. They have lost their Harvest gifts. Let us take them ours."

SO it came about that the congregation from the harbour chapel streamed up the hill bearing loads upon their heads. In a little while the hill chapel was transformed by the vines and palms that had only yesterday been put up in its sister chapel with so much ceremony and care. The little bare Table of the Lord was piled high with offerings, and even the great scroll had been transferred. The hill folk looked on wondering and, when all was done, offered a meal to the workers. And with much laughter and happiness together, all joined in a quickly-arranged picnic meal. Then, at the time of the evening service, the men and women, boys and girls, hill folk and harbour folk, went quietly into the chapel on the hill. With hearts full of joy they sang as they had never sung before:

"Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of harvest home."

Humbly they bowed their heads as the old minister led them in their praise and thanks. *"A broken and a contrite heart Thou wilt not despise, O Lord,"* petitioned the quavering voice.

And from all over the little chapel came the deep-toned response: *"AMEN."*

When I Have Time

When I have time my only thought will be
To make life happier and more fair
For those whose lives are crowded now with care;
I'll help to lift them from their low despair....
When I have time.

When I have time the friend I love so well
Shall know no more those weary, waiting days;
I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always
And cheer her heart with words of sweetest praise....
When I have time.

When you have time? The friend you hold so dear
May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent;
May never know that you so kindly meant
To fill her life with sweet content,....
When you had time.

Trust and be not afraid, O timid heart.
Thy weariness is never thine alone;
I and my neighbour and my neighbour's friend—
We are all strangers in some bitter hour.
The loneliness and aching in the night,
The hidden tears and the extreme despair
Are the inheritance of every man.

Anon.

"Come Unto Me"

"Come unto Me"—our Lord doth call
In kind and tender tone;
In love He pleads to sinners all,
To rest on Him alone!

"I will arise and go to Thee"—
May each of us reply
And, freed from burden, joyfully
On Jesus' bosom lie!

Lord, give us pow'r to live Thy life,
And strength to do Thy work!
In loyal service we shall strive—
Thy yoke we will not shirk!

YONG YEW KIM

Based on a series of sermons preached by the Rev. B. H. Baughman in Wesley Church, Seremban, in March 1941.

Readers may sing the above to the Tune of No. 389 in The Methodist Hymnal,

"Father of mercies, in Thy Word,"
or any other tune having the same metre.

Our School Mail Bag

A Faithful Peon is the Subject of the First Essay

THE MOST INTERESTING CHARACTER I HAVE MET

Daniel, who is the caretaker of the school is familiar to all of us as he has been working in this school ever since I can remember. He reminds me of Uncle Tom who was honest and religious. Every morning when girls come to school, they see him with a broom and dust-pan sweeping the stairs with one hand while the other he shakes the rug at the foot of the staircase. Since I first knew him, his hair has gone gray with patches of black around his ears and back of his head. He goes about bare-footed. It was as if he could chase little children, whose mischievous hands always throw bits of paper all over the corridors and drains, faster and more easily without shoes or clogs.

His integrity makes him an honourable man. One day a girl came to study under the shade of the trees in the school compound. She brought some books and a pen as she scribbled during the whole evening. When she got home she found that her pen was lost. On coming to school next day she was met by honest Daniel who gave her a pen. She was dumb with surprise and relief to find that her pen was restored to her. If another man had been in his place, perhaps it would not have been given back to her.

Another quality that makes him a good worker is his loyalty to his superiors and the school which he has served so long. He is in charge of the school sports room. When games are not played the room is locked and during this time no girl can coax him into giving her a ball or skipping-rope because it is against rules.

He behaves like a soldier. At any time, any period of the day, whether he is eating his food or cleaning his bicycle, if anyone asks him to do something trifling or important he leaves anything that he is doing to do his duty.

Every Sunday he attends the Tamil Church, being a member of the Tamil congregation. His deep, gruff voice can be heard through the church. He listens to all the sermons carefully and he always goes back to his family and practises what he is taught.

He is a happy and contented man even though he works many hours more than rich men who are usually miserable and dissatisfied. His face shows he is leading a good life as he always has a smile and kindly eyes.

Ooi Soh Ewe,
School Certificate Class.
Ipoh, A.C.G.S.

A "SCIENCE GIRL" SPEAKS

Science is an important subject and many girls and boys are learning it all over the world. Many schools have had science classes for some years past but only very lately was it thought of in Malayan Schools. Special classes are arranged for those unlucky ones who have not had the chance to learn science earlier in life.

I am one of the unfortunate ones who have to go to these special classes to take up science. I go to the Anglo-Chinese School laboratory from 7 p.m. to 9 p.m. We have Physics on Mondays and Chemistry on Thursdays. Biology classes are held on Tuesdays and Fridays.

Most of us like the Biology classes on which days we do many experiments. We have to disect animals and the first animal we disected was a toad, and then a rabbit and then a cockroach. The first time we disected we could not bear the awful smell of the toad, so we held our handkerchiefs to our noses and not much of the disecting was done by us. Later on we got used to the smells and now we do not mind disecting any animal.

The Physics and Chemistry classes are also quite interesting though the theoretical part of it does not appeal to us. We have lots of fun during the practical work. We are grouped in fours to do the practical work. The group in which I am, always goes wrong. We either do not fix up the apparatus right or our Bunsen Burner will not burn properly so we are reprimanded by the lecturer for these things while the other students have a good laugh at our expense, and this makes us very angry.

During Biology classes there is a general rush for the microscopes as there are only a few microscopes in the laboratory. The boys usually take away the microscopes for themselves, while the girls have to go without one unless we complain to the lecturer about it. Once inside the laboratory the boys seems to loose all "chivalry." May be they never had any.

Molly Arulpragasam.
School Certificate Class.
Ipoh, A.C.G.S.

THIS IS A DEPARTMENT FOR BOYS AND GIRLS who are studying in our Methodist Schools in Malaya, Sumatra and Borneo. Contributions from school boys and girls whose parents are subscribing to the Malaysia Message no matter in what part of the world they are living, will be welcome.

Original short stories, poems, descriptions of hobbies and interesting letters are considered. For each article or contribution accepted and published a year's subscription to the Malaysia Message or a book valued at one shilling or sixty cents from the Methodist Book Room, Singapore, will be given.

LIFE IN A MALAY KAMPONG

The majority of the Malays are padi-planters, and are largely responsible for the prosperity of their districts. The padi-planter works very hard for his living and goes to work in the early morning and returns home late in the afternoon.

The headman of the family teaches the young children to read the "Koran". The girls do much needle work, and also help their parents in the fields. The boys look after the buffaloes, and when they are old enough they take up their fathers' work. When the crops are gathered, the parents give each boy and girl a present. The boys play games such as "sepak-raga" or "bersilat".

The marriage of kampong people is quite different from that of people living in the town. The bridegroom is usually twenty to twenty-five years old, whereas the bride is about seventeen. The engagement is arranged by the parents, the future husband and wife not being given even a chance to see each other. The marriage ceremonies do not cost a large sum of money. A feast is given seven days before the marriage. During this time the toes and fingers of the bride are stained red with a substance which the Malays call "Innai". When everything is ready the bridegroom and his party go to the house of the bride. The

A.C.G.S. (Ipoh) Badminton Team

"Kathi", with his Prayer Book, reads certain laws to the bridegroom and gives a short lecture and solemnizes the marriage by reading certain hymns.

A fair is usually held once a week. Fruits and cakes can be bought at low prices. The fair will be crowded with peoples between the hours of eight and ten in the morning. Many people from the nearby villages come to buy things.

Friday is a sacred day. The Penghulus have a rule that every male person above seven years must go to the mosque. Those who do not go to the mosque will be fined or punished.

In conclusion, I should say that the people in the kampong lead a peculiar kind of life compared to that of the Malays living in a town.

Master Abdul Ghani,
Std. VIII, A.C.S. Parit Buntar.

HOW I DO MY HOME WORK

Imagine to yourself a corner house in a typical Chinese business centre planked on two sides by narrow streets and a smelly back lane, which is usually made use of as a rubbish dump. The atmosphere is never free from nerve-racking noises, and offensive odours. In front, across the street, there are stalls selling "mee," rice, curry ingredients, tea, coffee, ice-water, bread and butter, and eatables of all descriptions. On the right, and at the back, are rows of shop-houses where the throng of pedestrians never ceases during the day. The house is not very spacious; and with the large number of people in it inclines to be a little overcrowded. It is in this particular house that I have to do my home work.!

The above description should suffice to show the reader that to do work, especially brain work, under such conditions is not an easy task. For example: I have been working on this article for weeks, and every time I get well started, something always happens which causes my brain to stop functioning for the moment! Just now, as I am writing, noises are proceeding from every direction—from the droning of motor-vehicles, the howling of hawkers, the boisterous laughing and talking of street-boys, the chopping of fire-wood in the kitchen, the banging on the floor overhead, and from countless other sources. Together with the smoke coming from nearby kitchens (which causes eyes to smart) and the nauseating odours coming from back yards, it is impossible for any one to do good work.

From what I have seen and heard in school, my methods of doing home work are quite different from most of my friends. Since it is very difficult for me to do any work that needs concentration and cogitating at home; I always try to finish what assignment there is in School. Then there is little left for me to do at home but to read something interesting that will keep my attention away from the surrounding disurbances.

Even then I cannot get much from what I read into my poor head. As if to compete with the noise outside, the noise inside the house is exasperating. Babies cry and howl and yell! Small brothers and cousins quarrel, fight, laugh, gambol, and bang furniture about! Women gossip! Adults talk and argue about politics, social affairs, business, child problems, and even black-outs! Fathers and mothers shout at their sons and daughters. And occasionally husbands quarrel with their wives. All these exist because five families happen to live in the same house.

L. S. C.
Methodist Boys' School, K.L.

HOW TO MAINTAIN FRIENDSHIP

Friends, in a broad sense, are all the people in the world, to whom we show no enmity. But within the limit of this article, friends come under those whom our hearts acknowledge with love, sincerity and faithfulness.

Friendship knows no bounds. Friendship multiplies happiness and abates grief. It sweetens our daily life. Friendship is the stimulus to noble actions and is a giver of courage for life's battles.

Since we know the value of friendship, we should make an effort to maintain it. Concerning health, there is the maxim "Prevention is better than cure." This maxim can also be adopted in the case of friendship. Friends live on the same earth in which we find millions of other people. Friends are like drops of water in the wide ocean. When we miss our friends, we can hardly find them again.

The following are my own humble suggestions for the maintenance of friendship.

Frequent Visits. A long absence from your friends will evidently lower the level of friendship. If your friends live miles away, correspondence must not be neglected, for it is the only chain that can, in this respect, link up friend-

Your Duty To Your Friends. We expect to be comforted and consoled when sadness overwhelms us. Is it not also our duty to console or comfort our friends when they feel sad and sorrowful? When we sometimes feel rather lonely, we wish to see our friends. How would we feel in that miserable condition, when suddenly one or more friends call upon us? Our faces will light up with happiness and joy. We wish our friends to stay longer. But we must not forget to do our duty. If we have eyes to see, we will discover some demands from their faces. They may need cups of water or tea to quench their thirst. They may need something to warm themselves when it is a rainy day. As they have sacrificed their energy and precious time to visit us, won't we be rude if we, the hosts, simply sit tight? Is it not a duty to entertain our friends and make them feel at home? When we send a letter to our far-away friends, we hope earnestly for a reply. There is a teaching derived from the Bible. It reminds us of our duty and it runs thus:— "Do as you would be done by."

Etiquette. It is a usual case that we begin to forget etiquette, when our friends become familiar. If all can understand one another, there will not be any risk of misunderstanding. But human beings are such that jealousy can easily find a vacant seat in their minds. When one's mind is filled with jealousy, one will perform very reckless deeds for which one will regret in a calmer mood. Is etiquette not important in the maintenance of friendship?

Kind Words. One sometimes finds difficulty in uttering good words. On the other hand evil words escape from one's mouth like water from a tap. So good words are priceless. Good words are like a string of pearls. Dear Readers! Speak kind words to your friends and they will receive a valuable gift from you.

Chia Ah Fook,
(*Std. VIII, A.C.C.S., S'pore.*)

Original Sketches by Students of the A.C.C.S, Singapore

More or Less Personal . . .

Bishop Edwin F. Lee was a guest of H.H. The Rajah of Sarawak at the recent centennial celebrations at Kuching. He was one of the party that flew via a K.N.I.L.M. plane from Singapore. They left Singapore on Wednesday, September 24th and were there for the celebrations on the morning of the 25th and returned the afternoon of that same day. He will leave early this month for a visit to the Manila Area.

A very pretty wedding was held at the Kuala Lumpur Tamil Church on Malacca Street on Saturday, September 6, when Miss Lilian Kandiah and Dr. Alfred were united in marriage by the Rev. S. S. Pakianathan, assisted by the Rev. P. L. Peach. After the ceremony, a reception was held at the Chinese Assembly Hall, where about 1,200 guests gathered to do honour to the bride and bridegroom.

On Saturday, August 9, Miss Tham May Chee and Mr. Lu were united in marriage at the Wesley Methodist Church, Kuala Lumpur. The Rev. P. L. Peach officiated. After the wedding, a reception was held for the friends of the bride and bridegroom in the Methodist Boys' School Hall. Miss Tham is the niece of Mrs. H. M. Soo.

Dr. A. H. Prussner with Mrs. Prussner after having received the honourary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Garrett Biblical Institute. Dr. Prussner had received the Ph.D. degree 25 years ago from the University of Chicago. Garrett honoured him at the same time that his son Frederick graduated "with highest distinction" with the B.D. degree.

Mr. and Mrs. Suvi Kovilpillai announce the birth of a daughter born August 24th. Mr. Kovilpillai is the pastor of the Tamil Methodist Church of the Tamil Settlement, Ipoh. He ministers in the new church dedicated last October and always attends the Annual Pastors' Schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Teerath Ram announce the birth of a son, their second child, on September 28. Mr. and Mrs. Ram who both are graduates from Raffles College are on the staff of the A.C.S., Kampar.

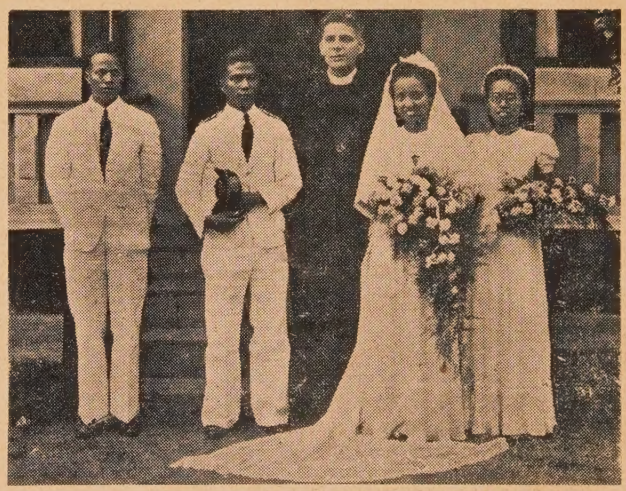
The marriage of Miss Lau (Lily) Ding Nyuk, eldest daughter of Mr. Lau Ek Ching J.P., to Mr. Chong Yoke Poh, took place on the 13th September, before Mr. P. F. Y. Radcliffe, Registrar of Christian Marriages, Perak.

Mr. C. Dudley Ingerson who has joined the staff of the A.C.S., Singapore

Miss Lineris Maullang of Medan, Sumatra, and Mr. Kawat L. Tobing of Babo, New Guinea, were united in marriage on Thursday, August 14th, in the Methodist Church at Medan. The marriage was solemnized by the Rev. Egon N. Ostrom. Miss Rose Manullang, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Siahaan as best man. The bride was given away by her uncle, Mr. Hezekiel Manullang. Miss Flora Peradji played the wedding march and Miss Carolyn Judd sang "Love Never Faileth." Following the wedding, an informal reception was held at the home of Miss Judd.

Mrs. Tobing is a graduate of the Methodist Boys School of Medan and of the Harris Memorial Training School of Manila. She has been a teacher in the Methodist Girls School for eight years and has been active in every form of Christian work in which she could participate. She was a member of the English Church, superintendent of the primary department of the English Sunday School, and a zealous worker in both the Junior and Epworth Leagues. She was the leader of the Moentita Club, also. In the Batak Church she served as organist and Sunday School teacher. Mr. Tobing is employed by the K.P.M. as radio operator on the air-route between New Guinea and Java. The young people will make their home in Babo, New Guinea.

Mrs. (Dr.) John Lee of Ipoh recently presented the H.M.S. Station at the 9th Mile, Tapah Road, Cameron Highlands, with a good reed organ.



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Even in Moments of supreme crisis, when ceremony is forgotten the same word springs to the disciples' lips: "Teacher, carest Thou not that we perish?" in their cry on the Galilean lake. The false Judas greets Him with "Hail, Teacher!" as he kisses Him. "Ye call Me Teacher, and ye say well, for so I am," is the final sanction given to the name by Christ Himself, (HS).
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